As I Wait Dreaming

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/12843495.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Gravity Falls
Relationships:	Stanford Pines/Stanley Pines, Bill Cipher/Stanford Pines/Stanley Pines
Characters:	Bill Cipher, The Author | Original Stanford Pines, Grunkle Stan | Stanley "Stanford" Pines
Additional Tags:	Incest, Sibling Incest, Brother/Brother Incest
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2017-11-27 Words: 3,650 Chapters: 1/1

As I Wait Dreaming

by wubub-redux (Inorganic_soot)

Summary

Bill gives Ford something to drink. It doesn't make him feel too good.

In other words, Bill gives Ford an aphrodisiac and leaves him alone with Stan.

Stan is nearby, hunched over on the opposite side of their small, make-shift prison. The floor is so cold, he presses his face against it, trying to soothe himself, trying to get rid of the sense-memory of Bill's hands on him. He's unsuccessful. The roughness of the stone catches his lips, sensitising them further. It smells like dust, sharp and earthy and something in him shatters. Ford moans, a low, pained noise.

Notes

This is problematic but also weirdly intimate. I have exams in a week, idk what I'm doing.

(Also the title is a very vague reference to The Call of Cthulhu)

See the end of the work for more notes

“A toast, Fordsy.” Bill says, as he raises the glass to Ford’s mouth and presses it against his chapped lips. The liquid smells sweet, almost sickeningly so, like thick, sugary nectar. “Drink.” His eye is wide and dark — intent.

Ford tries to rear his head back, tries to turn his face away but the collar around his neck tightens, a warning. Bill looks at him indulgently, pupil dilating in the half light. Ford swallows, lips still closed, the rim of the glass is oddly cool.

“Don’t be a spoil sport, Sixer.” Bill says, eye so black and deep that Ford is sure he's looking into an abyss, at something that shouldn't exist, at least not in this reality.

The glass is pressed hard enough to hurt. Bill’s small, soft hand reaches out and grabs his jaw, fingers needle sharp against his cheeks, his sclera flashes a vivid red, liquid-hot and molten like lava. Ford is reminded of being young and tired, of pressing his hands against his eyes and having them come away warm and wet with tears and blood. “*Drink it*.” Bill says, again.

Ford does, helpless. It burns all the way down his throat, sticks in his belly. God, it feels like dying, like there is kindling inside of him that has finally, finally caught flame.

Bill’s thumb wipes away the last bit of fluid from the swell of his bottom lip, pushing inside his mouth slightly, feeling the heat of Ford’s tongue. “That’s my good boy.” He whispers, just loud enough for Ford to hear.

Ford regrets far too many things. There are so many words that he wishes he could take back, so many actions that he wishes he could undo. He will not let this be another.

He’s lying up on his side, shuddering violently, just as Bill left him. His body is tight with tension, beads of sweat pricking his skin like shards of glass. He can still feel the heat of Bill’s body, feel the places where he touched him burn as if they’ve been branded. His mouth is loose, and he sucks in painful, heaving breaths.

Stan is nearby, hunched over on the opposite side of their small, make-shift prison. The floor is so cold, he presses his face against it, trying to soothe himself, trying to get rid of the sense-memory of Bill’s hands on him. He’s unsuccessful. The roughness of the stone catches his lips, sensitising them further. It smells like dust, sharp and earthy, and something in him shatters. Ford moans, a low, pained noise.

“Ford, are you okay?” Stan asks, hesitant. Ford can hearing him shuffling towards him, the fabric of his suit shifting as he moves.

Ford says nothing, just curls in on himself. His cock is stiff in his pants, dragging against the thick material. He can feel a drop gather at the tip, sticky and slick; it dissolves into the threadbare fabric of his boxers. The pounding of his pulse is overwhelming, a deep, visceral

throb that he can feel throughout his body, centered around the pulse in his cock. He wants to cry, there's just *too much*.

His need is boundless, a skittering, ceaseless want that shivers in his lungs every time he breathes. He can't do this. He can't—

Stan lays a hand on his shoulder, large and comforting. Ford shudders, jerking close to him before pulling himself away. His brother's touch feels unreasonably good, goose-flesh rises along his neck, and saliva fills his mouth. God, he *wants*.

"Ford?" Stan says, leaning closer, the ghost of his breath is hot and humid against Ford sweaty skin. "Are you sick?" Stan presses his cool palm onto Ford's damp forehead, smoothing back wet strands of hair. "Moses, you're warm."

Ford twitches, pulling his hands close to his chest. The drag of Stan's calloused hands against his skin makes him infinitely grateful for the dark shadows cast by his coat. He presses the heel of his palm against the front of his pants, against his erection, trying to calm himself. Stan feels so good. He wants to touch him. Wants all their bare skin rubbing against each other. Wants to be on top of his brother, inside him—

"Don't touch me." Ford says quietly, it takes all his effort and afterwards he is left panting. Stan hesitantly withdraws his hand.

"Don't worry, Bruiser. Your brother's gonna be fine soon." Bill says, voice close but invisible. There is a prickle in the air, like he's watching and waiting and enjoying this, but then again, he always is.

Stan turns his head, searching for Bill, the concern on his face sharpens into anger. "What did you do to him?" He asks the air, accusing and terrified all at once.

He doesn't get an answer, at least not one he can hear. "You can't hold out forever." Bill whispers softly, only for Ford, and if he focuses he can feel the slight graze of lips against the cartilage of his ear, the wet heat of a tongue tracing a path down his neck.

It doesn't take long for everything to start hurting. For the heat in his blood to grow sharp and painful like he's dying. He can't help but moan now.

Warmth saturates his body, radiating from the pit of his stomach as though there are hot coals settled inside him, weighing him down, charring the fragile tissue inside him. He's being burnt alive, skin blistering and withering off his body, fat melting beneath his skin. He covers his eyes, unwilling to know if what he is feeling is real.

Stan smells of sweat and fear beside him, he is probably watching him with concerned, wide eyes, unwilling to move away but unable to offer comfort.

Time seems to stretch, sticky and hot like glue. It is endless. The burning is endless. It is hard to imagine if there ever was a time where he didn't feel like this. His existence has narrowed to a singular point: his body — he is sensation.

The trembling inside of him has escalated into violent shaking, intercut by convulsive heaves. He's going to die like this.

"Ford, you have to tell me what's wrong. Let me help you." Stan says, gruff but earnest and innocent. Ford wants to ruin him, wants to fuck the softness from his throat, the care from his eyes.

"I don't want to discuss it." He says shortly. The feel of his tongue scraping against his palate is surprisingly distracting.

"Ford, did Bill—" Stan inhales sharply, steeling himself "—did he touch you?"

Ford wants to laugh, because it would have been better if Bill had, kinder even. "No." He says, hoping the discussion will end soon.

It doesn't.

"Sixer, please. I'm your brother, you can talk to me." Stan asks again, coaxing.

"But can I fuck you?" Ford says harshly, words slurring out of him faster than he can stop them.

He turns to look at Stan, there's dirt on his face, cuts on his cheek, and he could reach out and wipe it away. He could *touch,* if he wanted. Stan wouldn't stop him. His brother has the decency to look a little startled. "The hell?"

Ford doesn't have the patience to deal with this. The mere action of saying those words have caused the half-formed thoughts in his head to crystallise and become corporeal. He can see it now, Stan beneath him, dress shirt unbuttoned, pink tongue peeking out between his teeth as Ford takes his cock out and rubs it against his hole. "Aphrodisiac." He managed to choke out before pulling Stan down by the collar and kissing him.

His brother's mouth is soft with shock, allowing Ford to slip his tongue inside. He sucks down the soft gasp of surprise, the shuddering heat of Stan's breath. Stubble scrapes his jaw, prickling points of pure friction. He withdraws to bite at Stan's lip, to feel the yielding flesh bruise under his teeth.

He is too harsh, Stan's lip splits. Ford can feel the salty wetness of his blood all over his chin, in his mouth. It doesn't taste good, but it tastes like his brother and that is enough.

He sucks at the cut, tonguing at the fragile, broken skin until Stan whimpers, a quiet, pained noise. It is only then that sanity returns, causing the world to right itself again. "Stan. Stan, I'm so sorry." He says, still gripping his brother's shoulder.

"S'okay, Sixer. I understand." Stan murmurs, petting a hand down Ford's back. "You do what you need."

Ford watches, wordless, as Stan's hand reaches down and rubs him through his pants.

"Stan, don't—" He says, jerking his hips into Stan's touch. "Stan, please. You don't need to."

"Oh, but he really does." Bill interrupts, appearing above them, hands straightening his bow-tie. "Didn't Braniac tell you? He's dying to get fucked." Bill laughs, high and grating, "And I mean that literally."

Stan's eyebrows knit. "What did you give him?"

"Does it matter? It's not like you're gonna magically make a cure. Come on, Stanley, show him what you learnt on the streets." Bill leers.

Ford turns to look at Stan, the haze of lust inside of him going quiet for a moment. His brother is pale, afraid. "What does he mean—"

"You didn't tell him! I'm shocked, Bruiser." Bill says, all faux-hurt and malignance. "The one thing you're good at it and you don't even tell your family."

"Shut up, Bill." Stan says, quiet and angry, his fingers tightening on Ford's body.

"Touchy subject? I get it. I'll back off." Bill whispers harshly. "But don't let me interrupt. Please, go on." He waves his hand, gesturing for them to continue.

Stan looks at Ford warily. Leaning closer, he undoes Ford's zipper, finger grazing against Ford's cock.

"Stan, I can't." Ford says, he won't do this to his brother. He won't be another person Stan's had to jack off out of necessity — even if he wants to be.

"This doesn't change anything, Ford. I didn't spend thirty years of my life trying to bring you back for you to die now. It's alright, you know." He presses close until their foreheads touch and he's on top of Ford. "You can blame me."

Stan is stroking his cock, and Ford can barely breathe, let alone think. "I'm sorry." He mouths, against the loose skin of Stan's neck. "I'm sorry."

Stan doesn't respond, just jerks him with a tight grip, twisting at the head. The glide is smooth, slicked by his pre-come and sweat. Ford ruts into his hand, desperation unspooling in his stomach. Stan's weight against him is oddly grounding, making him feel safe and warm. He tucks his face into Stan's neck, breathing him in. His orgasm is so close, he can feel it against the tips of his fingers. Almost. *Almost*. "Please." He whines, fingers twisted in Stan's jacket. It hurts so much.

Stan's hand slows for a moment and he gently pulls backward. Ford follows him, mindless. One arm presses against Ford's abdomen, holding him down but he still thrusts into the loose circle of Stan's palm. Hesitantly, Stan bends down and presses a wet kiss to Ford's erection before sucking him to the root. Ford writhes beneath him, hips fucking into his brother's mouth, unrestrained and wanton. He can feel Stan's throat tighten around his dick. The fire inside him burns hotter but doesn't wane.

Vibrations travel along his dick. Stan is moaning, little, sweet sounds that Ford can barely hear over the harshness of his breathing, over the slick sounds of his dick sliding into Stan's mouth. It's almost like his brother wants this, but that isn't true, it can't be true. His fingers fist in Stan's hair, not pulling him closer, but just resting there. His hair is oddly soft, and Ford cards his hand through it, unable to understand why he finds that almost as enthralling as the warmth of Stan's throat convulsing around him.

"I told you, you have to fuck him. It's the only way." Bill says, almost exasperated. He is somewhere, he is everywhere. A little, glowing shard of yellow. Emotion surges inside Ford, he wants to kill him, he wants to defile him, he wants—

Stan pulls away with a soft pop, a trail of saliva connects his mouth to Ford's dick, glimmering a soft yellow from the light radiating from Bill's body. Stan's lip, thankfully, has scabbed over, but there are still tacky, dried tracks of blood down his chin. He looks up at Ford cautiously, his eyes shining gold for one endless half-second. "Come on, Sixer. Turn around for me." He says softly, reaching out to touch him. Stan ignores Bill. Ford tries to.

Ford jerks, wanting and not-wanting at the same time. Stan's hand lingers on his cheek, his finger are blunt and warm and they will be inside him soon. Ford moans and turns around, getting onto his hands and knees.

He can't see Stan but he can hear the sound of a belt unbuckling. His cock twitches, leaking another drop of pre-come that collects at the tip before dripping down onto the floor. Stan begins pulling his pants down, until they rest under the swell of his ass. "That okay?" He asks, like it makes any difference.

Carefully, Stan strokes along his hole, pushing in slightly. A shock of pleasure travels up Ford's spine and he jerks back onto Stan's fingers. "Christ, you're tight." He murmurs. His other hand reaches up, kneading Ford's ass. Both of his thumbs frame Ford's hole, exposing it to the cool air, watching it twitch.

Tentatively, Stan leans forward, breath warm against Ford's sensitive skin. "I need to do this, we don't have any lube." Ford does not care, he needs something inside of him now and then Stan kisses his perineum, tongue flicking inside him, fucking him open. Ford rocks back on his knees, into Stan's tongue. Sweat gathers at his temples, he's so close and Stan's tongue is so good. All wet, soft heat and pressure.

Ford chokes when Stan slips inside a finger and rubs against his prostate. He whimpers, voice high in his throat. A soft curl of relief washes through him and he slips down, face tucked into his elbows, as Stan continues to lave at his hole.

He sighs as Stan presses in another finger, and then another. The heat inside of him has thickened into syrup, coiled in his belly and spread into his blood. Distantly, he thinks that if he died like this it would be okay. He hears Bill somewhere, sees him too, but his world is reduced to the rough pad of Stan's forefingers stroking against his prostate, to the shifting, stretching pain inside of him.

He keens when Stan's removes his fingers, feeling strung-out and *empty*. He's never wanted anything inside of him so desperately. His brother grips his hips, fingers curling around the

jut of his pelvis, thumbs pushed into the swell of his ass.

“You’re beautiful like this.” He hears someone say, he doesn’t know if it’s Bill or Stan but he lowers his head, blushing red and hot.

“Fuck me.” He says, verbalising the only coherent thought left inside him. “Fuck me, *please*.”

His knees quiver when he feels Stan’s dick, hard and leaking, against his thigh. He hadn’t thought Stan would get hard. Stan tries pressing into him but the head of his dick keeps slipping out, smearing pre-come all over his hole, a tease. Ford wants it so deeply, it feels like it’s etched into his bones.

“Relax, Sixer. What’re they gonna say on your gravestone? Stanford pines, interdimensional traveler, died because he was too fucking tight.” His brother says, laugh hollow, attempting to calm him. It doesn't really work. Ford still feels like he’s dissolved into desire and been subsumed by it, but he tries, focusing on Stan’s voice, on the firmness of his hands. “That’s it, loosen up for me a little.” Ford does, and finally, finally, Stan sinks inside of him.

He clenches around his brother, who lets out a broken sob. “Stanford.” Stan says, low and breathy and broken, right in his ear. It only takes the sound of his name, that one unsteady word, for Ford to come untouched.

The world is hazy when he returns back to himself, colours muted and edges soft. Stan is still inside of him, hot and hard.

And there is Bill, sitting on the floor in front of him, small and garish, looking at him with unrestrained glee. “I’m impressed, Stanley. I’ve never seen him come that fast and I’ve seen him come *a lot*.”

His arms are shaky and he’s punch-drunk with heat and lust and there is come all over his belly and the floor beneath him but Ford takes a deep breath and glares at Bill.

“Don’t stop now, not when I’ve just got front row seats. I know you’ve got a couple more rounds left in you.”

“Fuck you.” Stan says from behind him, his cock is thick and swollen inside of Ford, but he doesn’t move.

“I think you’re bit busy fucking your brother now, Bruiser. Don’t get greedy.” Bill waggles his finger and then shrugs, “If you don’t want me here I guess I can go bother Pine Tree and Shooting Star, maybe even give them—”

Ford’s blood runs cold. “Don’t. Don’t involve them.” He looks at Bill imploringly, struggling to find any semblance of mercy. “Please.” His voice cracks.

“You’re wish is my command.” Bill says with a flourish. “But I want something in return.” His hand stretches, fingers elongating and merging into a thick and wet tendril. It rubs against Ford’s mouth. “I think you understand what I mean.”

Ford opens his mouth, letting it inside him, allowing it to fill his mouth with thick, slimy sweetness. The heat inside of him burns hotter and he spasms around Stan, jerking back onto his cock with renewed vigour, throat opening for Bill further. He wants to scream, but he can’t. He wants to gag, but he suppresses it. He wants to bite, but he needs more.

Bill's other hand reaches out, warping in front of him in a way that should be disturbing but isn't, he strokes Ford's cheek where the bulge of the tentacle is visible, pushes Ford's hair away from his face where it has stuck to his brow, a facsimile of human intimacy. The tendril is smooth and hot, only slightly damp, and it shines in the diffused light of the room. Ford pulls away from it.

Ford’s skin prickles with sensation, and he feels feverish and hazy. His cock is stiff between his legs again, burning hot, already aching, already weeping. The come on his stomach is cooling; it’s tacky, congealing on his skin, and even then it feels good. Slippery and slick, a counterpoint to the solid warmth surrounding him.

He is reminded of the first time he saw Bill, the rush that filled him when he burst into existence, the way he reached out and gripped his small hand, open and unself-conscious and trusting. He remembers the shiver that passed through him when they touched, quick and fleeting but full of promise.

Bill shifts in front of him, growing large and three-dimensional. He stops just before becoming monstrous. He is half what he is now, and half as Ford remembers him to be: liminal and transient, not meant to last.

"That's it, Bruiser. Fuck him like you mean it." Bill murmurs, voice thin and rapturous.

Stan moans, sounding fragile, sounding broken. He thrusts forward, compelled. Ford doesn't need to turn around to see the tentacle that has probably slipped inside his mouth, fucking him the same way Ford had only a few minutes ago.

Another tentacle slips out of Bill’s body and holds his hips, lifting his knees slightly and pushing him back onto Stan's cock. There are so many, writhing and twisting all over him, rubbing his sides, rucking up his sweater, holding him close, circling his cock. They are dripping with slick that is blessedly smooth and watery, not viscous and hatefully sweet. Ford moans, unable to stop himself, arching into the sensation. He hates this so much, but he hates himself the most, for wanting it.

Bill's eye is half-lidded; he is still lying in front of Ford, and he seems overcome, drowning under waves of *too much* and *please, god, more*. Ford feels his cock twitch in sympathy, feels bile rise his throat in revulsion.

Stan bends forward, hands on either side of him and mouths at the scarred skin of Ford's back, licking the sweat that has pooled on the ridges of his spine. The tentacles keep him from falling forward, tangled in his hair, and around his middle, possessive and constricting. Ford can’t breathe, he doesn’t know if he wants to. He focuses on the drag of Stan’s soft mouth and closes his eyes.

Bill breaths out shakily, slit-like pupil blown unimaginably wide. The tentacles around them seem to grow taut, expectant. Ford hears Stan gasp, feels a tremor pass through him and it's familiar from all the times he'd laid awake at night, listening to Stan below him. Ford knows he's come. Stan fucks him through it, making the wetness of his brother's seed trickle outside of him and onto his upper thighs. Ford whimpers, pulled into orgasm by the sticky, burning slickness, clenching tight around Stan's softening dick, his own come caught by the tentacle around his cock.

Bill withdraws in that moment, leaving them both sweaty and broken on the floor. The tendrils slip back inside him, stained white with their semen. In the distance, they can hear screams. "See, doesn't it feel good to cooperate?" Bill says, pupil gleaming as the sounds outside grow sharper.

"I'll kill you." Ford says, breathless. "I'll kill you."

End Notes

Did Bill low-key feed Ford his come in the beginning of the story? Yes. I'm sorry.

also, as usual, this is unedited and I'm trash.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!